



PRICE ONE CENT.

HUNDREDS DEAD IN MINE HORROR ARMY DEFEATS NAVY, SCORE 6 TO 4

WEATHER—Fair to-dry; Sunday cloudy and rain.

The



World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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FINAL
RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

NAVY FUMBLE AND STEARNS' LOGG RUN WINS GRIDIRON BATTLE FOR ARMY TEAM

275 MINERS ENTOMBED BY EXPLOSION; NO HOPE OF RESCUE; ALL MAY BE DEAD

In First Six Minutes of Play West Point End Carries the Pigskin Within Striking Distance of the Annapolis Goal.

FIRST HALF.		
ARMY	-	6
NAVY	-	4
SECOND HALF.		
ARMY	-	0
NAVY	-	0
FINAL SCORE.		
ARMY	-	6
NAVY	-	4

How Uncle Sam's Rival Football Teams Lined Up for To-day's Battle

Navy.	Positions.	Army.
Jones	Center	Johnson
Northcott	Left Tackle	Byrne
Wright	Right Tackle	Wier
Slingluff	Center	Philon
Meyer	Right Tackle	Moss
Leighton	Left Tackle	Pullen
Relfsneider	Right Tackle	Stearns
Lange	Center	Hyatt
Clay	Left Tackle	Dean
Dalton	Right Tackle	Grille
Richardson	Center	Chamberlain

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

FRANKLIN FIELD, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28.—West Point beat Annapolis here this afternoon in one of the hottest games of the football season. The result was in doubt until the game was over. The Army scoring was done in the first six minutes of play, when a brilliant run by Stearns and a good piece of line smashing gave them the single touchdown of the game. Dean kicked the goal. In spite of this sudden reverse, the Navy picked up heart and fought aggressively until she had the ball within easy reach of the Army goal. Then the Navy kicked a goal from the field and scored 4 points. The score was not disturbed in the second half, for neither side ever got dangerously close to its opponent's goal, while in possession of the ball.

Greble and Dean, for the Army, and Dalton, for the Navy, punted magnificently all through the game. Every punt from start to finish sailed straight down the field without interference. Both teams played furiously all the way. There was more time taken out for injuries than in any other big game of the year. Yet, even toward the end of the second half there was no let up in the speed of either team.

The Army and Navy met on a field of fighting or foot-racing, with just enough chill in the air to nerve the men in mokin' to their best scrapping form. Clear skies overhead and warm sunlight delighted the spectators.

And what a crowd there was! The chivalry, the beauty, the wealth of the Republic began to march under the huge arches at the entrance before the noon hour was over. At first they came slowly, singly and in groups.

The first thousand was lost in the vastness of the bleachers that stretched back from the gridiron in gentle slopes. In the middle of the north stand a section was reserved for the navy rosters. Across the way the army's black and gray and gold stood sharply out against the brown bleachers.

Stands Gay With Color.

In front of the army section a huge megaphone stood on end, waiting. Gradually, with the coming of the fair partisans, navy blue and army gray, the stands became fluttering beds of color, brilliant in the sunshine. The sun came out hotter and hotter. Still the crowd poured through the entrances, massing from wall to wall.

It was a crowd quivering with suppressed excitement, for this was a game in a score, a game to decide whether Army or Navy goes in the lead. For thirteen years the Cadets have been fighting it out. By winning the last two games the Navy boys managed to pull up even. Army had won six games, so had the Navy, and one was a tie. And now the decisive battle was to begin. With only half an hour more to wait the bleachers were nearly full. Flags waved in the blue and answers

GAVE BARTENDER A \$500 BILL AND NEVER SAW THE CHANGE

Foley Was Then Bundled Into a Taxicab, He Says, Somebody Else Got His Remaining \$15, and He Was Arrested for Having No Fare.

To be robbed of change from a \$500 bill tendered in payment of a round of drinks costing \$1.75, and then to be robbed of \$15, supposedly in an electric cab, and later be arrested on complaint of the chauffeur for being unable to pay his fare, was the experience of Edward S. Foley, a real estate broker, in business with James E. Duroso, a lawyer and real estate broker, of No. 20 Vesey street.

This is alleged to have happened a week ago last night. When Mr. Foley was arraigned before Magistrate Cornell the next day he was discharged and sent to Police Headquarters, where he told Detectives Luggan, O'Farrell and Kinsler the story he related to Magistrate Cornell.

While Mr. Foley was with the detectives Edward Crane, chauffeur for one of the Guguenleins and winner of the Vanderbilt sweepstakes three years ago, visited Police Headquarters. Crane is said to be a son of Senator Murray Crane, of Massachusetts. He came to tell the police that Walter Chamberlain, a bartender in John Kelly's saloon at No. 41 Seventh avenue, had kept the change of a \$500 bill given him by a customer in payment of a round of drinks costing \$1.75 the night before.

\$10 Bill, Bartender Says.

Chamberlain was arrested last night in Kelly's saloon on a charge of grand larceny. He was arraigned today before Magistrate Droege and pleaded

not guilty. Mr. Foley told how he entered the saloon and ordered three rounds of drinks.

Chamberlain, he swore, and was corroborated by Crane, put the \$500 bill in the cash register. Chamberlain, on the other hand, said it was a \$10 bill and that he handed it to his employer, John Kelly, asking him for change, as there was not \$3.25 in the drawer.

In this he was contradicted by his employer, who swore that the only bill he changed that night was a \$10 bill that Watson, the waiter, had given him. Crane testified that after Foley had given over the \$500 bill to Chamberlain he asked for his change, and was told he would be given it later. When Foley persisted, swore Crane, the pianist led Foley into the back room. Then, said Crane, Foley was taken by another man and landed into a waiting electric cab. It was while in this, Foley said, that he thought the balance of his money—about \$15—was taken from him.

Mr. Foley was living at No. 70 East 171st street, and when he reached there he discovered he had no money. The chauffeur caused his arrest. In the Norfolk County court next morning he was charged with refusing to pay cab fare. The recital of his night's adventure caused his discharge.

Magistrate Droege said that it seemed improbable that a cash drawer in any saloon at 11 o'clock at night would be kept the change of a \$500 bill, as Chamberlain testified, and that, since the evidence of Mr. Crane was not disproved, now the statement of Mr. Foley, he would hold Chamberlain for the grand jury. Bail was fixed in the sum of \$200.

Mr. Foley is about forty-eight years old. He is now living, he said, at No. 10 West One Hundred and Second street.

STARVING CHILDREN LOCKED IN ROOM WITH DEAD WOMAN

Found Almost Too Weak to Walk After Their Cries Had Attracted the Attention of Neighbors, Who Had the Door Forced Open.

A woman known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Elizabeth Ross was found dead this afternoon in a flat on the top floor of No. 121 Lexington avenue. Three little children were found in the apartment.

One subject much discussed this morning was the mix-up over the officials, in which President Roosevelt took a hand yesterday. It is claimed the Army had agreed to give the Navy the selection of three of the four officials, but that the Navy wanted to name all four of them. Every name on the list selected by the Army for referee was rejected by the Naval authorities and a deadlock looked possible. It was not until after protests had been made by both sides that Roosevelt jumped into the breach with the order that the athletic associations get together or he would forbid the game.

Roosevelt Names Officials.

There was a conference at the White House. Present at it were the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, Capt. Badger, and Secretary of War Wright. At this conference it was left to the President to select the referee and umpire and it took him but a minute to do it.

Evans, of Williams, was the referee while Al Sharpe, of Yale, was the umpire. This selection, it is said, pleased both sides, but just the same there is an undercurrent of feeling, especially on the part of the Army men, who make the claim that the Navy wanted to run the whole game.

Army Marches to Seats.

The brown-tufted battle-field, still vacant, looked bare and grim. Then in the distance sounded the shrill music of a fife; other sounds blended. The music rose to a clashing concord, as under the archway marched the Army band.

(Continued on Second Page.)

Several women leaning from the windows overlooking the arseway of a seven-story tenement, No. 92 Attorney street, this afternoon saw the body of a little boy falling from the roof to the brick paving of the yard below. The women screamed, and in a few seconds the tenement was in an uproar. Thirty families live there, and they began pouring out and rushing around in the halls and onto the fire-escapes.

CHILD KILLED BY FALL.

The child was instantly killed. He was Harry Lemel, ten years old, and had been playing on the roof. No one saw him lose his balance on the edge of the roof.

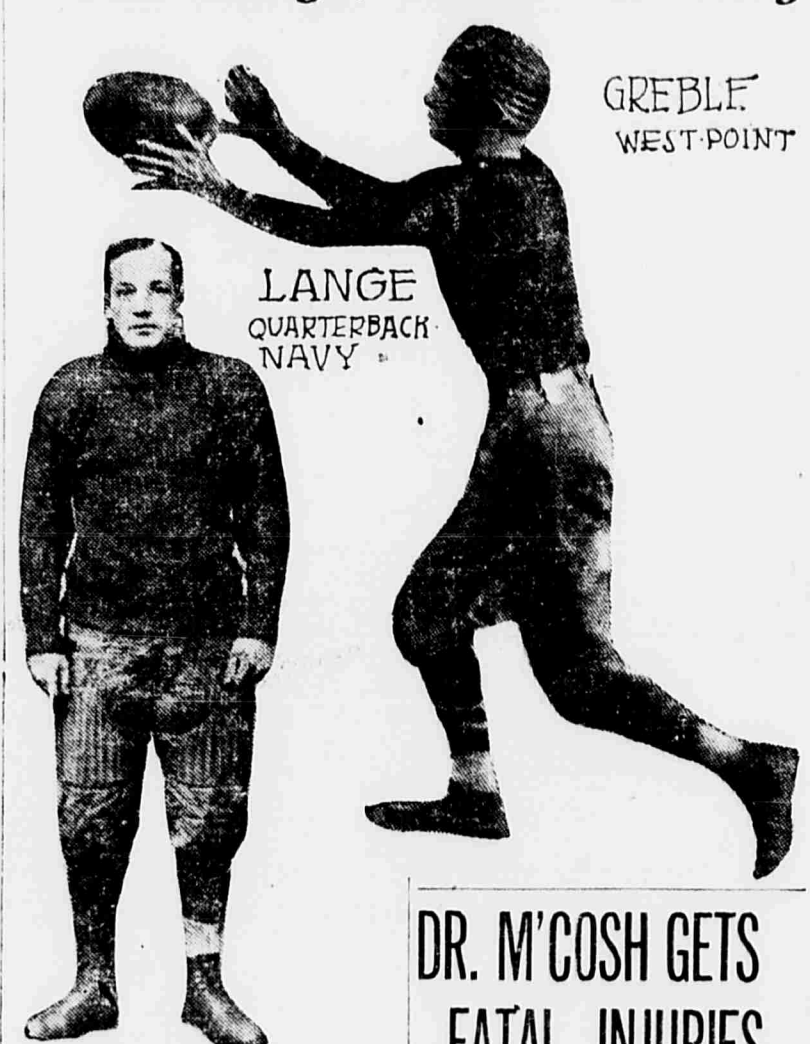
The child's mother, Mrs. Esther Lemel, was hysterical. She dashed madly about in the crowd of hysterical neighbors. So excited were the other tenants in the building that the reserves from the Delancey street station had to be called out to restore order.

BINGHAM DENIES WHISKERS.

In his office at Police Headquarters today Commissioner Bingham vehemently denied that he had characterized Gov. Hughes as "His Royal Pink Whiskers" in the presence of Magistrates Hyland, Geismar and Connolly of Brooklyn during an interview concerning additional court police two weeks ago.

When shown a clipping of the story, the Commissioner exclaimed: "That is a deliberate falsehood. I never used such a term during my association with the magistrates, and neither did I say that he had better keep his hands off the Police Department."

Greble, Star of Army Eleven, And Lange, Leader of Navy



GREBLE
WEST POINT

LANGE
QUARTERBACK
NAVY

EVERY NEIGHBOR HEARD 'FIRING' OF SPADER'S COOK

Mistress Was Rebuffed, Butler Lost His Nerve and So Did a Policeman.

They fired the cook up at Willard R. Spader's house, No. 21 West Fifty-second street, this afternoon, and it will be a long time before the memory of the event is erased from the minds of Mrs. Spader, her butler, her other servants and the people of the neighborhood. The cook's name is Mary Concoran, she is thirty-five years old and buxom.

Going to the kitchen for the purpose of giving some orders about dinner, Mrs. Spader found Mary sitting on the table with a bottle in her hand. Mary was most amiable.

"Come in, ma'am," she cried, heartily. "Come in and have a sup. Borando beat Hayes, but what did Crowley do? I ask you, Mrs. Spader, what did Crowley do? Make yourself at home, ma'am!"

Mrs. Spader is a conscientious housewife. Here is an infraction of discipline that called for punishment. She hated to do it, because Mary is a good cook, but she felt it to be her duty.

Yes, Mary Was Discharged.

"Mary," she said firmly, "you are discharged. I shall send your month's wages, \$35, down to you."

"Hurree!" yelled Mary, bounding from the table. "You can't fire me, ma'am. I'm from Connaught. Get out of this now, or I'll throw you out."

Mrs. Spader persisted. At the top of the stairs she found the butler, a large imposing person and directed him to go to the kitchen and fire Mary. Then she retired to her room, and locked the door.

The butler, like a dutiful servant, walked down stairs and into the kitchen. Mary propelled a platter at his head and he fled, reaching the main hall.

DR. M'COSH GETS FATAL INJURIES IN A RUNAWAY

Thrown From Runabout, He Suffers a Fracture of the Skull.

Dr. Andrew J. McCosh, of No. 16 East Fifty-fourth street, one of the greatest surgeons in the country, was mortally hurt in a runaway at Lexington avenue and Fifty-sixth street this afternoon. He was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, of which he is chief consulting surgeon, suffering from a fracture at the base of the skull. Although the doctors expressed little hope, an operation was performed at once.

Accompanied by his coachman, William Linner, Dr. McCosh was driving a pair of spirited black horses to a runabout down Park avenue, between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth streets, when one of the horses slipped and swerved the light vehicle into a truck. The impact smashed the whiffletree, which in falling frightened the horses into bolting.

Left Helpless in Buggy.

At the first jump of the team Linner, who had taken the reins from the hands of his employer, was dragged out of the vehicle. Linner fell on his face, but was not badly hurt. The runaways dashed along unchecked and Dr. McCosh sat helpless.

The horses swerved into Fifty-fifth street, toward Lexington avenue, and tore along that block at full tilt. They were making headlong for a trolley car when the right wheel cracked, the vehicle lurched and Dr. McCosh was thrown out on his head.

The surgeon fell directly in front of the Babies' Hospital, and Dr. Kimball and several nurses rushed out to his assistance. He was carried into the institution and ministered to there until an ambulance arrived from the Presbyterian Hospital.

Associate of Dr. Bull.

Dr. McCosh is well known socially and as a surgeon has made an enviable reputation. His practice is largely among the very wealthy, and he is a capable operator for appendicitis a year ago. He is a son of the late James McCosh, for a long time president of Princeton University. He is a member of the University and Princeton clubs, as well as of many medical societies.

Marianna, Pa., Shaft, Largest Soft Coal Plant in the World, Scene of Terrible Disaster by Mine Gas.

RESCUERS DRIVEN BACK BY THE INTENSE HEAT.

Get Within Short Distance of Entombed Men When They Are Compelled to Abandon Effort—Little Hope for Many Victims.

BULLETIN.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 28.—The first rescuing party of sixty picked men was compelled to retreat by the intense heat, after getting within a short distance in the Marianna mine of where the miners are entombed. It is not believed any can get out alive.

(Special to The Evening World.)

PITTSBURG, Nov. 28.—A terrific explosion, followed by a fire in the mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company, at Marianna, to-day, closed all avenues of escape from the underground workings, and no less than 275 men at last accounts are entombed. Smoke is pouring from the two shafts of the mine, and it is feared that the loss of life will reach an appalling total.

Within an hour after the explosion a special train, carrying experienced miners and the latest apparatus for work in a situation of this kind, left Monongahela, Pa. In the mean time steps had been taken by the officers of the company at Marianna to start the work of rescue, but the excitement and panic in the vicinity seriously hindered the preparations.

The Pittsburg-Buffalo mine is a new one, recently opened. Adjoining it is the town of Marianna, which was built especially for the miners, and is said to be the model mining community of the world. Most of the imprisoned miners are Americans. The scene of the disaster is in Washington County, not far from this city, but in an isolated section of the mountains.

John H. Jones, president of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company, who has personally supervised the installation of every known system and device for safety in the mine, was overwhelmed at the news of the catastrophe. He said that State Mine Inspector Louttit and Mine Foreman Kennedy had just completed an inspection of the property lasting two days and found everything in perfect condition. Of course it is not known whether the explosion was caused by gas or powder.

The explosion occurred shortly before noon and shook the whole countryside. The wives and children of the miners rushed from their little homes in Marianna to the two mine openings on the surface, where they found groups of white faced men, helpless in the emergency. Stifling smoke was pouring out the shafts and from the hot breaths of air that puffed into the faces of the spectators it was apparent that flames had already reached the timbers below.

It so happened that the disaster came at an hour when almost the entire force of the mine was at work underground. There were few men around the surface workings and in the town, and the location is so remote from other settlements that help was slow in arriving.

The first outsiders to reach the scene found hundreds of weeping, hysterical women grouped about the shaft houses, watching the belching volumes of smoke issuing from the only avenues of escape from the mine. The fact that the workings are new and have none of the winding side passages and devious avenues of escape into other workings, such as are found in old mines, made the situation all the more hopeless.

Veteran miners opined that the survivors of the explosion had been cut off from reaching the foot of the shafts by the rapid ascent of the flames and the volume of poisonous gas.

Although the mine has two shafts only one was equipped with a cage, by which the men were wont to ascend and descend. The cage was near the top of the shaft, carrying two miners at the moment of the explosion.

The force of the concussion escaping through the shaft blew the cage through the machinery at the top and 300 feet away. One had his head blown off. Mine Foreman Henry Thompson was killed by flying debris at the top of the shaft and two Italian laborers who were working near him were seriously injured.

Both shafts are clogged with debris and poisonous gases, and from them with overpowering force. On a special train which left Pittsburg this afternoon carrying President Jones and other officers of the company was a supply of patent helmets equipped with which rescuers will be able to work in any atmosphere.

President Jones says there were not more than 25 men in the mine at the time of the explosion. Mine Inspector Louttit and Mine Foreman Kennedy, who were with him, are still in the mine. The report of their investigation, however, the number of men entombed at the time of the disaster is out of the question. Some of the officials of the company believe it will be necessary to dig through 800 feet of solid coal before the underground workings can be reached.

CAUGHT ROBBING
FURRIER TWICE
WITHIN MONTH

Twice within a month has Harry Gorfine, of No. 126 Norfolk street, tried to rob the fur factory of David Birnbaum, at No. 33 Bond street, just off the Bowery, and both times has been caught. He escaped punishment for the first offense because burglary could not be proven, but this afternoon he was apprehended with "the goods," together with two companions—Morris Blum, of No. 210 East Fourth street, and Lewis Walters, of No. 121 Suffolk street.

Gorfine was caught, with another man in Birnbaum's place about three weeks ago. His companion was sent to prison for one year, but Gorfine escaped on a technicality. By order of Inspector McCafferty, Lieut. Wilbur and Geohagan took up Gorfine's trail as he left the courtroom and did not lose sight of him thereafter.